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of Ironside, the horrid steel was plunged!
G.W. del.
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Kilverſtone Caſtle;

OR,

THE HEIR RESTORED.

An Engliſh Gothic Story,

Founded on a Fact which happened on the Dawn of the REFORMATION.

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Kilverſtone Caſtle:

AN

ENGLISH GOTHIC STORY.

THOSE who here expect to meet with romantic fiction, dreſſed up in the gaudy and doubtful attire of modern refinement and duplicity, will be diſappointed. The following little ſtory owes its origin to one of the numerous calamities to which the lot of man is expoſed; therefore it in general inculcates reſignation to the will of heaven, filial duty, and univerſal love.

Poſſeſſed of an ancient paternal eſtate, Lord Audley, Baron of Kilverſtone, dwelt in a village in Lincolnſhire, exerciſing thoſe virtues which render a man happy in himſelf, and a bleſſing to his fellow creatures. The Baron had an only ſon, whoſe promiſing excellencies indulged the warmeſt of his parental wiſhes, and promiſed to the world a happy ſucceſſor to Lord Audley, whoſe grey hairs approached the grave. The firſt veſtiges of the Reformation had not yet taken place in this kingdom; yet the good old Baron, from a mind enlarged with good ſenſe and benevolence, had embraced certain principles diſſenting from the Roman church.

In the neighbourhood of the village ſtood a monaſtery, under the direction of the Abbot of Croyland; the chief of which was an eccleſiaſtic, who, from the contracted habits of his education, had hardened his ſoul with every ſeverity of ſuperſtition. Father Peter had acquired a bigotry of principle from example rather than judgment: his monaſtic learning not advancing his charity, had furniſhed him with cenſures

and condemnations; and his averſions were more viſible than his charitable compaſſion. Arbitrary in his principles, ſo he was arbitrary in his manners. The inſolence of the church inflamed his boſom; and zeal for peculiar modes extinguiſhed that eſſence of religion, univerſal love. To depart from his precepts, was to ſin without meaſure; and, amidſt a thouſand good actions, and a life of uninterrupted benevolence, Lord Audley acquired the hatred and enmity of this ghoſtly father.

The influence which the religious had in thoſe ſuperſtitious times over moſt families, their ſecret intercourſe with the women, and the rigorous mode they exerciſed to ſupport their tyrannic authority, gave this haughty churchman many opportunities of inſtigating miſchief towards his neighbour. His blind bigotry induced him to think, that, in diſtreſſing one who diſſented from the church of Rome, he rendered eſſential ſervice to the God of all; and, through zealous frenzy, he deviſed a thouſand treacheries, and a thouſand ſnares to oppreſs and injure the good Baron.

The ſeigniory was Lord Wentworth's where Audley's lands lay; and he held them by knight's ſervice. To this Lord the treacherous prieſt addreſſed himſelf; and, from a forged inſtrument, alledged to be recorded amongſt the archives of the monaſtery of St. Crowle, in the iſle of Axholme, in Lincolnſhire, he induced him to proſecute a claim to the eſtates of Lord Audley. The ſecret engines of monaſtic power were all put in motion on this occaſion. The ignorant, deluded through their blindneſs into zeal, and conſequently all his emiſſaries, were prepared as witneſſes to evidence whatever they might be called to; for ſo far was he from modulating the ſallies of paſſion with piety and virtue, wrath and perſecution were the weapons which the holy father wielded with his conſecrated hands.

Lord Audley, already enervated with age, was but in an ill condition to contend with the wiles of an artful

artful prieſt; but his benevolent mind knew not the "canker which conſumes the wicked."

He confided in the God of juſtice, and ſmiled at the devices of his enemies. But too late he perceived, that the workers of iniquity are not always corrected by the inſtant hand of interpoſing Providence. He was at length alarmed with the reality of his danger; his paternal boſom felt apprehenſions for his ſon; his age was diſturbed in the midſt of its infirmities, and the hand of care graſped at his fainting ſoul.

Lord Audley did not long ſuſtain the ſhock; death relieved him from all worldly anxiety. With filial and ſuitable devotion, his only ſon, Mervil Audley, laid him in the vault amidſt his anceſtors.

Called from his travels by his father's approaching diſſolution, an utter ſtranger to the enmity and ſtratagems of Father Peter, he took poſſeſſion of his inheritance. The conteſt ſtill went on in the king's court, which at laſt fixed the day of trial.

Some little time preceding this day, young Mervil Audley had retired to the gallery of his manſion, to meditate on the poſture of his affairs, and to conſider of Lord Wentworth's claim, which alledged its original to be owing to a forfeiture at a tilt in Catalonia, where the king's forces lay, and where the late Lord Audley's father had ſtaked his eſtate upon the proweſs of a black knight, who was vanquiſhed, and fell in the fatal conteſt. As he walked penſive to and fro, on a ſudden, behind him, at the further end of the gallery, he heard a claſh of armour. Turning haſtily, he obſerved the buckler and ſhield to ſhake, which once his great anceſtor, Moreland Audley, wore, and in which, in Paleſtine, he teſtified his valour to the Saracens. He regarded the event as accidental, and purſued his melancholy walk. Hearing the ſound again, he looked up, and perceived the coat of mail to tremble on the crooks where it hung, and the gauntlet moved as if it beckoned him.

"This is no common circumſtance," cries he. "Let me diſcover the occaſion of that trouble in theſe arms, which, with their owner, long have been at reſt."

He aſcended a few ſteps, and began to handle the armour, when he diſtinguiſhed, within the breaſt-plate, a light like the fainting rays which glow-worms ſhed towards evening. Advancing farther, he diſcovered that the beams proceeded from a ſmall onyx croſs, which hung concealed by the armour, ſuſpended by a golden chain from the collar. The unexpected acquiſition threw him, for a moment, into ſurpriſe. Strange it was, he thought, that ſuch a gem ſhould remain for ages undiſtinguiſhed, and at the ſame time poſſeſs ſuch tranſcendent virtue; for it excelled all he had ever ſeen. It was, as the onyx ſtone, ſhadowy, round, and variegated; but around it was diffuſed a lived light: on its parts were various engravings, of myſterious or emblematical characters, appearing like the Egyptian devices, repreſenting the attributes of the God of nature.

A ſudden propenſity led the young Baron to place the chain upon his neck. Soon as the amulet had touched his boſom, from every point of the croſs there fell warm drops of blood; and, with a horrid clangour, the armour ſhook in every joint! Surpriſe now changed to fear. "Have I, (ſays he,) with ſacrilegious hands, polluted this fair gem? and is the ſpirit of the mighty Moreland offended at my raſhneſs?" Again the armour ſhook! Theſe uncommon appearances increaſed his amazement; as, if danger was near, he laid his hand upon his ſword, and, looking around, ſeemed to expect an enemy. His enemy was there! The inſatiable eccleſiaſtic, not being content with the ſlow progreſs of the laws in the oppreſſion of Mervil, and not being appeaſed by the death of the good old Baron, but taking advantage of the liberty which thoſe times of bigotry afforded the religious, he paſſed through

through the apartments of the houſe uninterrupted, and ſought the young Baron in his retirement, to accompliſh his infernal purpoſes by his aſſaſſination. The happier ſpirits of thoſe who have left this life, remain our guardians and protectors, though inviſible and untangible to the groſs ſenſe of feeling; but if we may believe our anceſtry, ſome have even held converſe with man, and forewarned him of his approaching danger:

For ſome of them we know in days old,
The fatal ſtory to ſome men have told,
Forewarning them of death.

Purged from the droſs that clouds the mortal eye, they have, according to the moſt ancient teſtimony, attenuated the dull and drowſy ſenſes of our earthly form, influenced the will, checked the wiſh, or turned the raſh reſolve, by ſuch delicate yet evident touches of ſupernatural power, that the conſent of mankind has given them the appellation of genii or guardian ſpirits.

The approach of Father Peter, at firſt, ſtruck Mervil, with apprehenſion; but, on recollection of his holy office, and of his public name for godlineſs and rigid virtue, his fear ſubſided: yet, not knowing why, he ſtill retained his hand upon the ſword. The holy father in his boſom hid the dagger which he brought to ſhed the young Baron's blood. With a ſolemn look of ſanctity, he addreſſed the youth in language as ſmooth and inſinuating as oil; for the prieſt, deeply diſciplined in the dark ſchool of monaſtic hypocriſy, knew well how to beſpeak the youth in the very flowers of diſſimulation. With much ſeeming grief, and many tears, the monk ſpoke of the good Lord Audley; and croſſing his breaſt, muttered a requiem for his departed ſpirit. He ſighed, and talked of all the anceſtors of the young Lord Mervil, and called

on the ſaints to lead him in the paths of his forefathers. Forth he ſtretched his hand to bleſs him; and from his ſword the unſuſpicious youth was ready to withdraw, to claſp the monk within his boſom, where his ſoul rebounded with the fervour of his reverence and love to thoſe of whom he ſpoke. In that inſtant the armour ſhook! Alarmed by the repeated ſound, Lord Mervil ſtepped back. The noiſe had touched the eccleſiaſtic's ear; and, with emotions not to be expreſſed, he felt unuſual terrors ſeize his ſoul! The crucifix upon the boſom of Mervil again let fall freſh tears of blood; and, fixed with earneſt and involuntary graſp, his hand remained upon his ſword. Various thoughts agitated his features. The monk, long uſed to look upon the face of thoſe he dealt with, to diſcover from that unerring index the ſentiments that agitate the mind, fixed a ſteady look upon the youth, wondering to behold a luſtre beam over all his aſpect, ſuch as zealous fancy has inſpired painters to adorn the brows of their ſaints. His dark reſolves were ſhaken. Young Audley, then upon his guard, rendered the monk's enterpriſe impracticable. The ſhaking of the armour was ſupernatural. Conſcious evil filled the guilty mind of Father Peter with terrors and ſelf-condemnation. His ſoul let go its bloody purpoſe, and, for a moment, relaxed into remorſe; but for a moment only; for the ſucceeding thought turned on a future time to execute his project.

During the ſhort time in which theſe few ideas moved within the mind of the eccleſiaſtic, the young Baron and he ſtood motionleſs and ſilent; the monk gazing on the youth, and the youth, with eyes upliſted, fixed on the armour. Peter broke ſilence, and, arming his boſom with the tokens of the croſs, he called upon the ſacred name of God to bleſs and ſanctify him; that he might avoid the ſnares and wiles of thoſe infernal beings which poſſeſſed the manſion, and the frenzied ſpirit of its owner. Amidſt this ejaculation, with

with uplifted eyes and hands, he turned to quit the chamber; when, behold, the looſened garment let the weapon paſs, and at his feet the naked dagger dropt! This was the hour of wonder to Mervil!! He ſcarce gave credit to what he ſaw; his ſurpriſe prevented him from conjecturing wherefore the good, the pious monk, wore in his boſom this dire inſtrument. Confounded by the aukward circumſtances of this event, the monk haſtened off, not noticing the matter, but apprehending that now the youth would take the alarm, and ever after, in his preſence, be on his guard.

Soon as Mervil Audley had recollected himſelf from his aſtoniſhment, he ſtooped to take up the dagger; when he beheld his charming onyx iſſuing forth more brilliant rays than when he firſt perceived it on the breaſt-plate of the armour. This unaccountable preſage of the unforeſeen appearance of danger filled the mind of Mervil with gratitude, which he inſtantly poured forth in pious ejaculations to the powers above, concluding with a prayer, that his patience and perſeverance, in all his trials, might meet the approbation of the ſpirits of his departed anceſtors, and be adjudged worthy to be enrolled by the recording angel in the illuſtrious table of their genealogy in heaven.

The monk retired into his cell, and there, inſtead of devoting his meditations to religious purpoſes and proſpects, his temporal ambition, and rapacious avarice, led him to form new plans for the deſtruction of the young Baron. Lord Wentworth was a man whoſe early life was diſſolute and vicious; every degree of faſhionable error was familiar to him: in his laſciviouſneſs, he ruined half his vaſſals; in his ebriety, he maſtered the herculean cup of Alexander; in him, ignorance begat obſtinacy; his reſentment was inſatiate; his will was arbitrary; and his whole domains groaned under his authority. Age and diſeaſe had weakened his faculties, but left his mind all unreformed.

unreformed. The churchmen took poſſeſſion of his ſoul: They ingrafted bigotry upon the darkneſs of his underſtanding; wound up the ſprings of ſuperſtition; and, from the horrors of their doctrine, induced his avarice to bend in purchaſe of ſalvation. Large endowments had been made, and Father Peter's monaſtery enriched with vaſt donations. The enmity to the old Lord Audley firſt gave riſe to the proſecuted claim of his eſtates, and Lord Wentworth had devoted it, for a thouſand maſſes more, to the ſame monaſtery. The death of old Lord Audley removed the object of the eccleſiaſtic's vengeance; but his eſtate, the object of his avarice, was yet in being. The active ſpirit of the young heir Mervil, and the reſpect his excellencies gained him, together with his determined purpoſe of appealing to the king in perſon, ſeemed to throw ſuch obſtacles to a deſign which fraud and iniquity could only ſupport, that the father's ſubtlety was confounded. He was convinced that young Mervil would not be the ſame ſupine opponent he had met with in the former Lord Audley, his father. He alſo reflected that the claim was founded in forgery; that the king, whoſe mind was not ſo bigotted as his predeceſſors, ſaw a little through the artifices and bigotries of the church, and therefore would give but ſmall credit to the doubtful legends of a monaſtery.

The world already entertained ſuſpicions of the artifices of eccleſiaſtics. Their large acquiſitions had promoted jealouſies, and thence their authorities grew diſtaſteful. An apprehenſion of the diſcovery of this fraud brought many terrors. He reflected that the young Lord Mervil was now the only one remaining of his ancient houſe; and that, without an heir, his lands reverted to the lord. An eaſier paſſage this, than what he had deviſed in the days of Lord Audley. The death of his ſon now would accompliſh all his purpoſe. The perpetration committed by his own hands precluded diſcovery, and left no accomplice to betray

betray the treachery. With a callosity of soul inured to the vilest purposes, he resolved upon the horrid project; but a superior Power interposing, held his hands, and frustrated his project.

Notwithstanding all these alarms, young Lord Audley was not entirely lost to the wholesome diversions of young men of his age and situation. Hunting was his favourite amusement. One morning he was called by some particular friends to join the chace. Willing to remove the melancholy ideas which had for some time possessed his mind, he accepted the invitation. The boar was roused, was fierce, and made the hunters exercise all their alacrity and skill. Lord Audley was separated from his friends; and only one companion left with him in the same thicket, a stranger, who, during the diversion, seemed merely a distant spectator; but, upon a nearer approach, appeared a spectator masked. The summer sun was vehement, and, for the freedom of the air, the youth had opened his bosom, where the onyx shone with rays distinguishing some propitious moment was at hand. The stranger still approaching, seemed with very cautious looks to survey the wood, as if he feared their privacy might be interrupted. He drew near, when, opening his upper garment, and the mask being withdrawn, discovered him to be an ancient hermit, whose veneable look and gracious countenance bespoke benevolence and virtue. The appearance of such a person gave the youth some surprise; the secrecy of the place, the disguise, the fresh impressions Father Peter had left, all conduced to make him distrust the holy looks of the hermit, and even to lose his confidence in the auspicious omens of his amulet. From his looks the stranger distinguished his ideas, and soon addressed him thus: "Though you think me a stranger, you shall soon find, when I chuse to reveal myself in my real character, that I very well know your situation, your troubles, and am not unacquainted with your

your late critical escape from the wicked machinations of a church monster. I knew his enmity to your venerable father; I knew his projects to dispossess you of your inheritance. I am no stranger to his influence over Lord Wentworth. The record with which he arms that infamous persecutor is all a forgery. My great esteem of old Lord Audley is not lessened in his son. I am now a stranger to you; some little time will reveal my real character. I have assumed this disguise to give you this intelligence, and to warn you of the evils which await you. Heaven permits that the Benedictine shall proceed in his iniquity, till, from the eminence, his fall shall become horrible. The sins of his house shall raze it to its foundation; and the traces of the habitation shall be effaced by the ploughshare. Thou shalt once more see my countenance, when peace shall bless thee. Virtue consisteth not in wrestling with the will of fate, but in sustaining the trials of life with fortitude and resignation: For God ordaineth, and his ministers execute. What ever is, derives its origin from Heaven."

Mervil listened with reverence and astonishment. The hermit did not give him liberty to reply: He turned swiftly away, and, skilful in the mazes and intricacies of the thicket, was soon effectually concealed, and clear of all pursuit! The conversation of this reverend personage filled his mind with thoughtfulness. He admired his wisdom and his precepts, yet feared his prescience. He turned homeward; and, as he passed along, it came into his head, that it must be a spectre he had in reality been conversing with.

This singular incident had such an effect upon young Lord Audley's mind, that he gladly shunned the noisy rout of his companions, who were fast returning with the head of their prey stuck upon a spear. But his mind was filled with other things, and he retired to his castle to meditate upon what he had heard, and

and to prepare to face whatever miſchief might betide him.

In a ſhort time young Audley experienced the wiſdom of the ſtranger's words in the foreſt; but the ſuit ſlept, and too much ſecurity poſſeſſed his boſom. That his family might not be extinct, he determined to marry. For this purpoſe he had caſt his eyes upon a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman, who with his family had viſited this land from Normandy. His fortune was but ſmall, but his proper judgment had led him to give a liberal education to his daughter, whoſe fine taſte had been improved in every degree of learning faſhionable in the age. She was ſkilful in every domeſtic art, and added thereto a perfection in muſic and dancing. Her perſon was amiable, her manners elegant, and her ſenſe refined. Theſe were diſplayed by an uninterrupted flow of health, pleaſantry, and good ſpirits. Time paſſed away unperceived, and every hour brought with it freſh pleaſures.

Amongſt a few ſelect friends, who ſometimes with their viſits changed the domeſtic ſcene, Polydore, a young knight, had gained a great aſcendence over the mind of Audley. He had cultivated in his principles the moſt punctual ſenſe of honour, and inſpired him with every military fervour for defence of that honour by arms. His readineſs in rendering ſervices, his alacrity in executing any project which he knew would pleaſe his friend, had entirely won the young Baron to him, and made him place in him the utmoſt confidence and eſteem.

It was in one of thoſe moments devoted to the ſober joys of pure friendſhip, that he took upon himſelf the taſk of revealing to the young Baron a fatal, very fatal ſecret; nothing leſs than that his young wife had diſhonoured his bed.

He prefaced it with the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations of truth, reſpect and eſteem for his patron. "My regard for you, my Lord, makes me jealous of every injury

injury done to your honour; and it becomes a duty in me to apprize you of every danger which beſets you. Be not too much ſhocked, my friend, by a diſcovery in which your happineſs is in imminent peril. Your Jeſſalind is inconſtant!"

At that expreſſion Audley ſtarted, ſhuddered, and grew inflamed. "Have a care," cries he: "theſe are "weapons too accute to ſport with."

Polydore ſhewed a reſentful look at this reply. "Can you," ſaid he, "diſpute my veracity? Then let the reſt of the diſcovery ſleep. If you think I injure her, my profeſſion allows you the means of ſatisfaction by arms: you know I am a ſoldier."

The experience which Audley had of his ſincerity gave him credulity. His thoughts were confuſed, his judgment confounded; and, amidſt the diſtraction of injured love, and the ſhame of ſuch diſhonour, he gave way to an impetuous tide of jealouſy and reſentment. He was greedy of hearing his own calamities and diſgrace, and devoured the poiſonous and deſtructive tale with vehemence. Polydore, appeaſed by ſuch apology as Audley, in his confuſion, could utter, was prompted to purſue the horrid hiſtory.

"Ironſide, your kinſman, who, from his earlieſt youth, hath been your intimate and boſom friend, 'tis he that injures you. The guilty hour of aſſignation is at hand. Is it not about the time that at this ſeaſon of the year your wife viſits the bath?" "It is," replied the Baron; "and what then?" "This winding walk," ſays Polydore, "will lead us to the ſpot undiſcovered. I will attend you to the place, and leave you to be aſſured of my truth." They haſtened on; they arrived within ſight of the bath; and Polydore departed.

Jealous moments are diſtracting; yet hope ſoothed his boſom, and ſometimes induced him to think this only a trial of his patience. Again jealouſy frowned away expiring hope, and left his mind in chaotic

confuſion. Irreſolute every moment, yet with the moſt deliberate fortitude to reſent the diſhonour of his houſe, he ſtood motionleſs a while, when looking on his breaſt, he beheld the amulet portending woe. In a few moments, as he ſtood thus concealed in his ſhady ſituation, he viewed the lovely Jeſſalind, without attendant, moving towards the bath. The ſerenity of virtue ſat ſmooth upon her brow; placid innocence becalmed her looks, whilſt fond felicity was ſporting with inſuſpicion in dimples on her cheek. Over his whole ſoul affection lay bleeding. While nature ſtruggled to give birth to hope, the amulet, and Polydore's known faith, obſtructed every paſſage but that at which deſpair was taking poſſeſſion of him.

The ſound of ſeveral voices ſtruck his liſtening ears! Now his mind was thrown into dreadful convulſions, and all his boſom blazed with reſentment. His impatience did not allow him any time to think, and became inſupportable; he ruſhed from his concealment; and burſting into the grove leading to the bath, diſcovered the diſconcerted and alarmed Jeſſalind with the unfortunate Ironſide. For jealouſy, for madneſs, this was evidence ſufficient. The emotions of Audley's breaſt ſtifled his words; he only had power left him to call Ironſide to defend himſelf. He would have parley'd, but Audley ruſhed on. The terrified Jeſſalind fainted! Sword met with ſword, and in the boſom of Ironſide the horrid ſteel was plunged!

Scarce breathing with horror, rage, and madneſs, Audley ſtepped forward to deſtroy the fair, the inſenſible Jeſſalind his wife! But Heaven ſeemed to commiſerate her condition, and the elements at war, burſting in loud peals of thunder, ſeemed to make the earth tremble to the center. Awakened from the very graſp of death, Ironſide once more caſt up his eyes and hands; and faultering, bid him forbear! The attitude, the accent of his dying friend, ſeemed to expreſs ſomething irreſiſtible. Soothed a little from the

height of his former paſſion, reaſon began to take her wonted ſway in his boſom. Ironſide took advantage of this interval, and raiſing his body up a little, as much as his ſtrength would allow, ſpoke as follows:

"If you ſuſpect the virtue of your wife, you are deceived. Our meeting here was accidental. I die content, if I ſhould ſave her innocence." He ceaſed—The blood guſhed from his wound in torrents—His ſpeech declined—His eyes grew dim—He fainted—He fell—Audley, like one who heard the awful voice of an avenging angel denouncing deſolation to whole empires, ſtood fixed in horror! His ſtaring eyes ſhifted their diſtracted ſtare from his wife to Ironſide! His trembling hands, ſtained with the murder of his friend, convulſively graſped his reeking ſword! Irreſolute for ſuicide; irreſolute for flight; too proud to ſeek for ſanctuary; and not longer able to endure the horrid ſpectacle, he got up to ſeek ſome hiding place, where he might form a reſolution for his conduct. Every place was alike. Alas! Audley found he could not fly from himſelf, and every object alike afforded him occaſion for deſpair. Too late he proved the want of ſuſpicion of Polydore; for, from his apparently well-proved faith, he could never conceive that he was treacherous.

He now too late recollects the pious precepts of the hermit on the chaſe: Too late he finds that the abortive claim, ſo baſely inſtigated by the Benedictine, was now effected; and, as a murderer, not only life was forfeited, but his lands eſcheated to Lord Wentworth! How dreadful was the proſpect of his total deſolation! Diveſted of his property; guilty of innocent blood; a victim due to juſtice. By one raſh act, fallen from the height of human happineſs, into the darkeſt gulph of miſery! Fallen from affluence, from all the ſweet joys of virtuous love, domeſtic harmony, and that heartfelt, ſelf-approving rectitude and honour, which can

can never be ſo well deſcribed as felt. And, to aggravate all, and fill up the cup of his afflictions, the innocent and traduced Jeſſalind widowed in penury, her Lord abſent, and ſhe at that very time pregnant.

The firſt confuſion of his mind being a little over, he bethought himſelf to ſeek an aſylum in an adjoining wood, till the approach of night; as he was aſſured, in theſe walks, the alarm would ſpeedily be ſpread, and his eſcape thereby fruſtrated; thence, under the favour of darkneſs, he determined to proceed into the wolds, and, at ſome ſecure diſtance, live unknown; till, perchance, a favourable opportunity might preſent, to gain an advocate for the obtaining royal clemency.

How diſtracting a ſcene preſented itſelf to Jeſſalind upon her recovery from her ſwoon! Ironſide weltering in his blood, convulſed, and in the agonies of death! Her huſband gone, full of condemnations, jealouſy and hatred againſt his innocent and forlorn Jeſſalind! "Then," cries ſhe, "all the remainder of "exiſtence is given to deſpair!" With lamentations and diſhevel'd hair, ſhe fled into the avenue, and ſtrained her voice with inceſſant calls on her beloved huſband! No voice reply'd. She flew to her late happy habitation: The domeſtics, alarmed at her complainings, ſtood aſtoniſhed, and melted into tears.

Some peaſants, who were paſſing that way, took up Ironſide, who yet ſhewed marks of life; they carried him to a ſhepherd, who occupied a cot hard by, and who had the reputation of being well ſkilled in chirurgery and the virtue of drugs, learning which he had acquired in foreign parts, where he had borne arms. After examining and dreſſing his wounds, he gave hopes that the principal one was not mortal.

Whilſt theſe matters were tranſacting, the rumour ſpread with rapid wing, and ſoon reached Lord Wentworth's ears; whoſe officers, like hungry wolves upon the ſnow-cloathed Alps, poured down their rude

rapacious bands on the eſtates of the unfortunate Audley. They beſet the manſion houſe; poſſeſs themſelves of all; and, with a brutality peculiar to their office, command the friendleſs, heart-broken, widow'd Jeſſalind to quit the place. The command admitted no reply; their hardened hearts ſuffered no compaſſion; and, whilſt her lingering ſteps hung anxiouſly on the threſhold which ſhe loved, with horrid imprecations they threatened her if ſhe did not inſtantly retire.

All theſe tranſactions took place on a dreadful night: the elements in combuſtion, ſhook the very ground to its center. In ſhort, ſhe was turned out on the moſt dreadful night ever remembered by the oldeſt man.

The wretches who executed Lord Wentworth's commiſſion, with conſcious guilt, conjecturing the ſtorm was raiſed by evil ſpirits, ſoon fled; and ſhutting up every avenue to the caſtle, left it without inhabitants.

Whilſt the report of theſe extraordinary circumſtances buſied the ear of every villager, poor Jeſſalind found a friend in a ſhepherd, whoſe early years had been foſtered by the munificence of the good old Lord Audley, and for whoſe ſake he would venture any thing out of gratitude for his beneficence. By this ſhepherd's friendly aſſiſtance, and that of a foreign merchant, with whom Jeſſalind depoſited ſome trifling jewels, ſhe was enabled to croſs the ſeas over to Normandy to her father; but whom ſhe was diſappointed of ſeeing, as he was gone to the wars in Catalonia. With the ſervants that remained ſhe found an hoſpitable retreat, and ſeemed for a while to forget her troubles, being reſigned to whatever Heaven ſhould direct.

The monks of Crowle were not idle amidſt theſe tranſactions. The prieſts and the prior, inflamed with the zeal of their hypocriſy, rejoiced in the intelligence,

ligence, eſteeming all theſe wonders as the bugbears born of credulity and ignorance; and, apprehending this a fortunate opportunity to execute their exorciſms, and acquire an impious credit with the vulgar, by exerciſing the miraculous privilege of chaining ſpirits by their religious offices, they ſought their principal, to crave his licence for their viſiting the houſe of the unfortunate Audley. Father Peter was then in cloſe conference with one on buſineſs of importance, and would not be diſturbed; well judging, it were beſt for theſe raſh men not to brave the wrath of the enchanted armour. At that very inſtant Father Peter entertained a viſitor whoſe friendſhip was not to be neglected. The grant of Audley's eſcheated lands already was framing for the records of the monaſtery: And Polydore was ſhut up with the monk in his cell, to claim the miſerable reward of his ineſtimable ſervices. Polydore had been gained by avarice and great gratuities to perpetrate the worſt of crimes. The monk, baffled in his former projects, hit upon this ſoldier as a fit perſon to perpetrate his baſe, inſidious ſcheme. This ſoldier was a fit perſon to tamper with; for covetouſneſs had the aſcendancy of his honeſty; and having riſen by the fatalities of war, was both unlettered and unprincipled. Ambition was his only paſſion, and by that he meant to mount the ſcale of death to ſuperiority.

During this time young Audley was making the beſt of his way, moſtly by night, and reſting by day, until, after ſome few days journey, diſtance ſecured the wanderer; and then he ventured forth by day. During this journey he had encountered many hardſhips, for the year was far advanced; the nights lengthening apace; and no inns were then, as now, on the roads, and the way itſelf dangerouſly bad.

Accident at laſt brought him to a cottage inhabited by a ſhepherd. A little plain fronted the hut, where a ſingle thorn had grown for half a century; beneath

whoſe ſhade, a bench, built up of ſtones and turf, afforded a pleaſing reſting place. Thick ivy, covered the cottage front, and houſe-leek ornamented the thatch. At his approach, a dog, that ſlumbered on his watch, gave the alarm, which cauſed his maſter to riſe, and ſee whoſe arrival he was giving notice of. A grey venerable old man came forth, whoſe countenance beſpoke hoſpitality and truth. After a friendly ſalutation, and aſking him to take ſome refreſhment, he began to talk to him upon the ſubject of his journey, wondering to behold a man in gay and courtly dreſs wandering there, amidſt dangers, far from any road, in wolds ſcarcely acceſſible, and ſeldom viſited by any but ſhepherds. He for a while remained ſilent, whilſt he ſurveyed Audley with deep attention. He ſaluted him: enquired what occaſion brought him there, and for what thoſe ſorrows were which he perceived to hang upon his brow. Audley returned his gracious looks with tears. "Father," ſays he, "I am unfortunate: My miſeries have overwhelmed me: The treachery of men hath made me hate their intercourſe: And here I wander, finding greater ſatisfaction in waſtes and wilds, ſuſtaining life with roots and the running water, than in the crowded hall, where ſervility crouches to meanneſs and luxury."

At firſt the good ſhepherd thought him out of his mind, and, with the utmoſt caution and charity, beſought him to rely on God for redreſs. His appearance was ſo venerable, that Audley, with tears, could not refrain from exclaiming, "Bleſſed old age! in thee mankind confeſs the image which God ordained in the firſt creation."

"Young man," interrupts the ſhepherd, "reſt here a little. Firſt, I pray thee, recollect, that all the ways of Providence are left unſearchable to human underſtanding; and ſo blind are we, that oftentimes thoſe things which we eſteem calamities lead to the birth

birth of our felicity; and what is preſent evil, is the very paſſage to our proſperity.".

After ſome little talk, the good old man deſired his viſitor to take refreſhment, and ſat before him milk, with butter, honey, and bread; and, to conclude the repaſt, ſerved him with a horn of good old mum. The cheering refreſhment raiſed Audley's ſpirits, which the ſhepherd perceived with joy, and exulting with kindneſs, made him come further into the cottage, where the conſort and comfort of the ſhepherd's old age was aſſiduous in the offices of her houſhold. Soon the two ſons of this happy couple returned from the plough, breathing freſhneſs and health. In gratitude for the bounty of their father, Audley, from his purſe, preſented each of them with two broad pieces of gold. Wonder ſtruck their countenance; they were aſtoniſhed at the gift; and their hearts were filled with wiſhes to render him good offices.

Young Audley aroſe, and bid the ſhepherd and his family adieu. The old man ſtayed him, earneſtly deſiring to know whither he ſought to go, or where he hoped to reſt? The queſtion could not be reſolved. He knew not whither he wandered; but, to the importuning of his hoſt, at length he anſwered, "I ſeek ſome place for my retirement, where innocence and truth have formed their habitation; if they, ere this, are not eſcaped to Heaven. I have forſworn the buſy world, and ſeek to form ſome hermitage, where I may ſpend my life in prayer and meditation, by penitence to purchaſe expiation of my crimes." "If that's what you ſeek," replied the ſhepherd, "the hermitage of Norban, as old tradition goes, was near this place."

"Norban!" repeated Audley. The intelligence ſtruck him with horror and ſurpriſe. He thought himſelf transfixed, and aſſociated with necromancers. The old man perceiving his agitation, kindly enquired the cauſe; but he was only replied to with ſighs. At laſt

laſt he burſt forth as out of a profound reverie, and eagerly aſked his hoſt if he had never heard him called by another name? The old ſhepherd heſitated.—"My ſons," added he, "ſhall attend you to the hill where ſtory tells this ancient hermit dwelt: a man of holy life, and ſage beyond his race: of noted birth, near in blood to nobles; yet there he dwelt." The firſt ſurpriſe paſt over, Audley, with impatience, deſired the young men would accompany him. The taſk was arduous; but they were ready to teſtify their gratitude by ſuch their aſſiduity. "Repoſe yourſelf with us this night," the ſhepherd ſaid; the ſpot is diſtant ſix hours journey; there I have a few good goats; and, at ſome time to-morrow, my ſons ſhall go with you to ſee the place, and how fares my herd." Audley replied, and taking the good ſhepherd by the hand, deſired him to ſit down, and relate to him the ſtory of this extraordinary hermit.

"I muſt tell you then, he was of noble blood, and came from Normandy; was bred to the office of a prieſt, and for a many years member of the community of Croyland Abbey."

Audley was greatly agitated at this prelude. His colour came and fled alternately. The ſhepherd, obſerving his confuſion, aſked him wherefore the ſtory moved him? The hiſtory of a man, who, centuries ago, had hid himſelf amidſt thoſe wilds, and of whom he apprehended Audley had never heard till then. To conceal his thoughts, he replied, "The ſtory, in its beginning, reminds me of my father, who, in my youth, would often laugh, and tell of Mad Moreland. The memory of that father is ſacred to my ſoul. Theſe ſighs are a duteous tribute to his memory, for his virtues are indelibly written on my recollection."

"He did not," continued the ſhepherd, "in becoming a hermit, renounce the world intirely. His knowledge in nature's ſecrets made his fame extenſive. The art of healing was his own. He alſo foretold the

ſeaſons and their changes, and ſaw the dire approach of famine, peſtilence, or war. His wiſdom afforded him the power of upright judgment; and with the ſhepherds he was judge, determining their wrongs and injuries. He taught the rudeſt men the ſenſe of moral virtues; and the lips of infants breathed his prayers. The ſins and ſubtleties of the eccleſiaſtics of Croyland Houſe diſguſted him: Their avarice and their intrigues were oft his talk; and when he uttered condemations on their lives, he trembled for the wrath of Heaven, which thoſe impious men provoked by their hypocriſy. The errors of thoſe learned ſinners, defying the enlightened ſpirit of ſcience, hardily braving a Deity in whoſe name they taught deceit, and cloaked the worſt of crimes, ſo offended his ſoul, that he ſought theſe barren mountains, there to devote his life to piety and godly works. In this ſolitude he remained for many ſeaſons. At length age and infirmity (for he was above 100 years old) made him often talk of his approaching diſſolution; but his apprehenſions were not fearful: his laſt and conſtant inquiry was, of every viſitor or herdſman, if yet no ſtranger was perceived near his habitation. At length one, a very extraordinary viſitor, was met with by many of the ſhepherds, who all attempted to diſcover his habitation; and when they informed the hermit of it, he replied, it was in vain, for he was not of this world. One day he ſummoned to his cell the neighbouring herdſmen, and thus addreſſed them: "That you may declare my words unto your children, and they to lateſt poſterity deliver the tradition down, I call you here. You have known me long, and know my truth; this viſitor is my brother. I had foretold his coming, and I knew it was the ſignal of my mortal diſſolution. Scarce yet an hour remains for life." The herdſmen all loved the hermit, and all wept. Forth from his breaſt he drew a crucifix, and giving it to one of the moſt aged, deſired him to depoſit

poſit it in a particular place, and keep it ſecret from the world; "for (ſays the hermit) an heir of mine ſhall be left by Providence to find and wear it to the ſeventh generation; and until then I ſhall change this nature into ſpirit, that I may, for ſeven ages yet to come, become the guardian of my friends. Until theſe bones ſhall lie with my forefathers in the tomb, my ſoul ſhall be a wanderer in the middle regions; thence I ſhall paſs, a mediating ſpirit, into the preſence of the Divinity, preſenting the petitions of my poſterity on earth before his everlaſting throne. In that period of time, when my aſhes ſhall reſt in the ſepulchre of my anceſtors, an heir ſhall riſe, and reaſſume the title, and poſſeſs the domains which Norman William granted my forefathers ſome centuries ago." He could go on no further. "Leave me (ſaid he) to my laſt prayer—Adieu; I go." The latter part particularly of this ſtory increaſed Audley's agitation ſo, that the old ſhepherd thought him mad. Being come a little to himſelf, with claſping hands and eyes directed to heaven, he exclaimed, "Grant unto me, O God, the virtuous labour of giving reſt unto the bones of Hermit Moreland within the tomb of his forefathers!"

He opened his boſom to look at the onyx, which now blazed forth a luſtre equal to the brighteſt moonlight. Amazement ſtruck the cottagers! They were aſhamed of their arrogance, and turned away their face! Audley conſoled them. His wild appearance carried the impreſſions they had entertained. No wonder the idea of ſuch malady had poſſeſſed their minds at his being ſeen amidſt the wildeſt waſtes of Britain, where none but ſhepherds had for ages paſt been known to viſit. But now they looked upon the ſtranger as a man of God, led forth by Providence's ſecret hand, on embaſſy miraculous and wonderful. He ſlept but indifferently that night. The thought of his wife and his ſlaughtered friend alternately coming up

up in his mind, and the eagerneſs of expectation, kept him from ſleep.

In the morning the onyx ſhed propitious beams, which encouraged him to explore this adventure to the bottom. After a ſalutary breakfaſt of milk, cheeſe, and herbs, they all ſat out to diſcover the remains of Hermit Moreland's habitation.

A large yew tree marked the ſpot where the entrance was to be ſought, a narrow paſs conducted them to a ſpacious cell, whoſe ample roof, incruſted with variety of minerals and ſpars, repreſented a beautiful grotto.

At a table, formed of porphyry, cut from the ſolid maſs whereon it ſtood, there ſate, in meditative poſture, the figure of a man, as if preſerved by ſpices and embalming. His long and ſpreading beard, and graceful locks, which hung upon his neck, were white, and ſhone like ſilver, as ſtruck by the faint beams of day, which entered ſome apertures in the roof. A ſhaggy mantle, the ſkin of a wild roe, cloathed his ſhoulders; and his jacket was encircled with a leathern girdle. As he reclined his head upon his hand, one elbow reſted on the table. Before him lay a book, an extinguiſhed lamp, and a roſary. Around the cell inſtruments for aſtronomy were ſcattered. In a niche formed in the wall by nature, ſtudded and emboſſed with ſpar and ſpangles, repreſenting amethyſts, an urn was placed, inſcribed, "*The duſt of Norban Moreland.*"

As Audley approached, the luſtre of the onyx ſeemed to blaze upon the effigy, and every limb was agitated. The herdſmen had retired before, and ſtood outſide in awful ſilence and admiration.

The ſolemnity of the place, and the ſurpriſing chain of circumſtances which had brought him to it, made him immediately determine to remain there until a favorable opportunity ſhould preſent itſelf for performing the laſt rites to the remains of the hermit;

hermit; and the ſecrecy of the ſituation did not a little ſtrengthen this deſire. The ſhepherd promiſed him all the aſſiſtance in his power, and ſo did his ſons, for they began to perceive the interference of a Superior Power in favour of the ſtranger whom they accompanied.

Night coming on, they all retired to the ſhepherdry; and on the next evening Audley, with as few neceſſaries as poſſible, took up his abode in the dreary, but hoſpitable, hermitage, in pious hopes that, by auſterities and ſelf-denial, he might avert the wrath of heaven on his crimes; and, by his oraiſons, deprecate the vengeance concomitant to murder.

He remained in this ſituation ſome months, often viſited by the good ſhepherd and his ſons, who conſtantly brought him little preſents; and the goats ſupplied him with milk, which rendered his life there an uninterrupted courſe of the walk of nature.

Man wants but little here below;
Nor wants that little long.

The news of a ſtranger's arrival and ſettlement in the old hermitage, was a ſtrange event among theſe aſtoniſhed people, and brought many others to viſit his cell. By their intercourſe he was rendered much more comfortable than he otherwiſe would have been.

Their pious hands ſtrewed his couch with ſkins of goats, and cloathed him with garments ſuch as their humble life afforded. To them Audley inceſſantly was teaching moral duties; and to their maladies applied the ſalutary ſimples, which he cultivated, like his anceſtor.

Several months elapſed, but no intelligence could he get from all his viſitors, how it fared at home, and particularly whether Jeſſalind was alive or dead. In the night his dreams were diſturbed by the diſtant ſound, as it were, of trumpets; and more than once he

he ſtarted, imagining he ſaw the corpſe of his murdered friend Ironſide

The fame of his virtues and auſterities all this while gained ground ſo far, that his viſitors came from all parts between the Humber and the Thames; and he feared not a little that he might be diſcovered, and dragged from his cell to public puniſhment.

One night, while this preyed upon his mind, after his uſual devotions, juſt as he was preparing to go to reſt upon his ſtraw bed, the moon ſhining uncommonly bright, he plainly ſaw the appearance of his friend Ironſide enter with a ſmile upon his countenance. Conſcious guilt filled his breaſt with horror. In his aſtoniſhment he cried out, "Am I then ſummoned with thee to paſs before the judgement-ſeat? Will not my contrition expiate? Are my prayers unheard, and ſhall not my ſoul find mercy?" He ſcarce believed his ſenſes! After a few moments recovering from his firſt ſurpriſe, he ventured to addreſs his loſt friend, as he thought, to deprecate his wrath; but the apparition making ſigns for him to calm himſelf, took a ſeat by him, and, in a ſummary manner, informed him, his prayers were heard, that he was yet living, and recovered of his wound, and ſought him in this ſolitude to reſtore him to the world. Audley's amazement was encreaſed! He ſcarce believed his ſenſes! After a few moments, recovering himſelf, he exclaimed, "And is my poor wife yet among the living?" "She is," replied the ſpirit of Ironſide. "She went over to her father, when ſhe found you did not return, and there ſought a reſting place in an adjoining convent, whoſe abbeſs was a diſtant relation to him. Here ſhe determined to remain until ſhe could hear from her father in Catalonia, into whoſe arms ſhe would throw herſelf, to ſpend the remainder of her days.' Here he concluded, obſerving, he was warned to depart.

As the laſt ſounds expired, the apparition quivered in each limb; and, as it ſunk, Audley ſnatched off

his gown, and, ſpreading it to catch the ſacred form, received it as it waſted in a ſhower of duſt.

Audley did not miſapprehend this extraordinary warning; he conſidered it as deſigned to touch his mind with reſignation and conſolatory hopes, preſaging better fate. He often wiſhed to ſend the young men forth, to gain intelligence whether his Jeſſalind was yet alive, and what betided his poſſeſſions: But ever, as the wiſh grew anxious, the luſtre of the onyx languiſhed! The dire appearance was ſucceeded by contrition for his tranſgreſſion; and all the images which hope or gay expectation painted on his mind, quickly were effaced; and his diſturbed ſpirit left the ideas of the world he wiſhed for, to aſſociate with the purer ſpiritual beings above. Every day, as it came, he conſidered, brought him nearer his releaſe from ſecluſion; for his mind longed to join with the great and buſy world.

It was but a few days after Audley's ſignal viſitation by the apparition, as before related, that, as he ſat at the hermitage door, he perceived a man on horſeback coming haſtily over the moor towards him. As he approached nearer, he plainly diſcovered it to be his imagined-deceaſed friend and antagoniſt Ironſide. It is not eaſy to deſcribe the tumult in his breaſt. After a ſhort congratulation, Audley made him ſit down, and relate by what miracle he was reſtored to life after his leaving him apparently for dead. "My wound at the firſt was imagined to be mortal; but, after the blood was ſtanched, and I got repoſe, I grew better, but I was not ſuffered to ſtir myſelf. I improved daily, till at length my hoſpitable ſurgeon gave me permiſſion to return to my own houſe; from whence I ſent to make enquiry after you and Jeſſalind. No intelligence could be gained of you: It was believed you died a ſuicide, and all enquiry ceaſed. Lord Wentworth, urged to the purſuit of you, the fugitive, by Father Peter, armed a few domeſtics, and ranged

ranged the foreſts and the heath, as if he hunted wolves. They were unſucceſsful after many days ſearch, and gave it up, concluding you had deſtroyed yourſelf. The vengeance of Heaven ſoon afterwards overtook Lord Wentworth and four of his retinue; for while they were hunting, a violent ſtorm overtook them, and four of them fell ſpectacles of heavenly wrath, transfixed by lightning.

"Geofrey, the ſon and heir of Wentworth, took poſſeſſion of his ſeigniories. Geofrey, a youth of high deportment, and a haughty ſpirit, contemning the bigotry and inſolence of churchmen, refuſed to ſeal the grant of your eſcheated lands to the Benedictine monaſtery, in purſuance of the ſuperſtitious folly of his father. Polydore, whoſe treachery was publicly ſuſpected, he who occaſioned all theſe dire calamities to your ancient houſe, it was he that named the hour and place for me to meet him on the fatal day, on a pretended urgency of buſineſs. I was a ſtranger to the whole ſcheme; but it was wound up with a ſoldier's reſolution, and the ſubtilty of a prieſt. You know the reſt."

Audley wept with Ironſide, and returned Providence thanks for his merciful deliverance.

"But as to Polydore," continued he, "the wretch was ſoon no more. Poſſeſſed of Father Peter's ſecrets, and the agent of an abortive plot, the holy man took care to remove him: a cup of poiſon effected the purpoſe; and he died the death of an aſſaſſin."

"But what of my wife, my poor diſconſolate Jeſſalind?" cried Audley. "Of her, I only heard, that, retiring to the convent where her couſin Lucia was Lady Abbeſs, in a little time meeting with ſome diſguſt, ſhe retired into Normandy, where ſhe is living with her father, who is returned from the wars, crowned with laurels. But whether there is iſſue of your love, is yet unknown to me. My coming here (continues he) may ſeem miraculous. I

apprehended that, if you could eſcape, you would have fled to Normandy; but Father Peter had cauſed ſecret emiſſaries to ſearch the ports, and to aſſaſſinate you, if they found you. Finding my enquiries fruitleſs a long while, I gave you up for loſt, till happening by accident to meet a ſhepherd as I was hawking upon Meldham Downs, who was coming from the South, I aſked him whence he came. He anſwered, and withal gave me a wonderful ſtory of a ſtrange hermit, who had taken up his abode in this part of Britain, where never having been, my curioſity determined me to viſit it. My anxiety grew every hour upon me, and I was reſtleſs day and night until I ſet forward on my journey."

The day being advanced, Audley urged his friend to partake of ſuch repaſt as his cell afforded, which, after many pious ejaculations, and reſolutions formed for his future conduct, he begged his friend's advice how he ſhould proceed to re-enter the buſy world, and re aſſume the ſtation for which he was born.

Ironſide went on: "the preſent hour is very favorable; for the young ſpirited Geofrey, with his uncles, and a great armament of tenantry and vaſſals, are proceeding in open rebellion towards the royal ſtandard, which is waiting to hear and redreſs their wrongs, if ſo; and to puniſh them, if their grievances are only pretenſions. This is the ſeaſon for thee at once to ſhew thy loyalty and valour, and claim thy uſurped inheritance. Some choſen troops, lately arrived from abroad, are proceeding thither. Perhaps with them may come your Jeſſalind's father, to enquire after the poſſeſſions of his injured daughter. My friends wait my coming about ten miles full weſt, and with them ſome ſpare ſteeds, well trained to arms. Haſte to re-aſſume thy honours."

The viſion now was quite revived upon Audley's memory, and hope inſpired the pleaſing images of domeſtic

domeſtic felicity as approaching. "Were it not for the pious duty," ſaid Audley, "which I owe to the memory of a deceaſed anceſtor, and which I have taken up as a ſacred taſk to perform, I would accompany you to the field of honor; but my conſcience requires it, and my arms would not ſucceed in battle ſhould I neglect to perform it! Firſt permit me to fulfil his laſt requeſt, committed to me from the region of ſpirits." Ironſide was ſilent.

After ſome little preparations, they left the hermitage, Audley in his arms bearing the urn; thus journeying until they reached the retinue which waited Ironſide's return. As they paſſed on, towards night they gained a village. Audley retired to the church, and on the altar placed the ſacred urn; then proſtrate he poured forth his thankſgiving to that bounteous Providence which had preſerved him thus miraculouſly. From hence he retired, leaving the aſhes of Moreland Audley, his great and pious anceſtor, in the houſe of God; and the next day, with a deal of ceremony of prieſtly and military pomp, according to his word, and the injunction of the ſpirit, depoſited the aſhes of the great Moreland Audley in the vault of his anceſtors.

Being now at liberty to accompany his friend to the ſeat of war, he trimmed his beard to the military cut of the times. Furniſhed with a ſuit of armour, he aſſumed the lance, and ſtrode the managed ſteed. As they journied on, they approached the territories of Lord Albon. This lord had called to arms his vaſſals, and was preparing his march to join the royal ſtandard. It was now evening, and Audley, with his friend, had formed their little camp upon the brow of an eaſy eminence, where they overlooked the vale. They determined to join their forces in the morning; and, to that end, ſent a meſſenger to greet and inform Lord Albon of their arrival.

Lord Albon immediately dispatched a trumpeter to salute and welcome the strange allies, and conduct them to his castle, in the hall of which, as they entered, he saluted them with military honors. Between the ranks Ironside and Audley moved on, their retinue halting at the foot. These ranks formed a gloomy avenue of armour, an arrangement of steel statues, and burnished images. As the strangers pass, the lances were bent down by each saluting knight. The agitated plumes tossed on each helmet's brow, and from the moving joints of every gauntlet, and each coat of mail, a harsh and horrid din re-echoed in the hall. They approach Lord Albon, whose noble figure struck each stranger with respectfulness. The meeting lasted not long; for the news was soon brought by the spies, that the royal army was moving towards the rebels, which shewed that the battle was not far off. After a hasty repast, it was resolved to march, and join the royal standard. They soon joined the royal army. The king commanded in person; and to the royal tent the allies being introduced, were stationed in the right wing of the army. No foreign troops were in the field; detained by adverse winds, they had not disembarked. The rebels lay encamped upon an eminence so near, that from the outposts the passing of the watch was heard, the neighing of the steeds, and one confused murmuring of the voice of busy troops mixed with the clang of arms. Orders were issued for the next day's attack, and all the troops were under arms. A spacious plain lay extended between the armies, hemmed in by hills upon the left, and to the right a deep morass. Each with ditches and high mounds of earth lay in their camp entrenched.

The mind of Lord Audley was a stranger to fear. Like a true Christian soldier, he looked on all the preparations for destruction without emotion; and, with submission to the will of heaven, often repeated, "Good Lord, thy will be done!"

Early

Early as the dawn, the royal army takes the field, and heralds paſs to call the foe to battle. The rebels, waiting for a tardy reinforcement, loiter in their entrenchments; till braved by the left wing, who ſeize the outward works, and ſhower their arrows on the foe, impatient of reſtraint they leap the trench. Lord Wentworth, with the confederate chiefs, perceive their raſhneſs, but too late; the royal army cut them off as faſt as they came up, which compelled their main army to ſupport them. The battle became general. Audley and Ironſide fought ſide by ſide, performing prodigies of valor, until the latter fell; for every ſhot has its commiſſion, and he received an arrow through the plaits of his cuiraſs, a ſlant way ſhot, which pierced him underneath the arm, and rendered his ſword no longer ſerviceable. He was compelled to retreat. Audley forebore the havock, and retired with his friend, to guard him, to a ſafer ſpot, where he might get his wound dreſſed, which, as ſoon as done, he flew back to join the battle. This was the moſt important moment of his life. The king, in an imprudent moment of raſhneſs, had puſhed too far, and being ſurrounded by the choiceſt of the rebel troops, was nearly made priſoner, his own people falling round him fait. To this victorious phalanx he puſhed his ſteed; the crucifix upon his boſom blazed like a paſſing comet, and bedim'd the gazer's eye! Deſtruction rode on every ſide, and gave him paſſage. The royal arm the rebel hand had that inſtant 'reſted: that inſtant to Audley's falchion fell the ſacrilegious hand, and ſcorned the miſerable wretch who had abuſed its valour! Courage revived within the rallying guard! In the right wing, the cry of victory reſounded! The centre puſhes on, and joins the king. The rebels, from deſpair, now fought with madneſs! The battle was general and confuſed. Diſorder prevailed much among the rebels, who began to loſe their chiefs apace by the valour of the king's

king's knights. Audley was foremoſt in the hoteſt danger. One competitor alone diſtinguiſhed himſelf for the king's ſide, and almoſt equalled him in his claim for glory. He was mounted on a dappled roan, which ſeemed by the red teints to be covered with blood. He was a ſtranger, and only known by the name of the Bloody Knight! Where'er the foes ruſhed on, and gained upon the royal troops, there he attacked! and, when the fury of the deſpairing rebels made the battle the moſt ſanguine, then, amidſt the ranks, he forced his way, and, meeting with Geofrey, the young Lord Wentworth, braved him to engage, unhorſed him, and, amidſt his amazed vaſſals, ſevered his head from off his body, and bore it by the hair aloft to view! The ſpectacle diſmayed the rebel troops; they fled! Whilſt he approached the king, and made the offering which enſured the peace! The rout was general!

The king ſent forth an herald through his army, commanding the two valiant ſtrangers to attend him in his tent. The Bloody Knight obeyed the ſummons; but Audley had left the field to viſit his friend. Ironſide was ſtill alive, but languiſhed of his wound, which then portended a lingering death. Audley diverted him much with the deſcription of the battle, making a particular remark upon the actions of the ſtrange knight. "Who could he be?" exclaimed Audley. I cannot tell," replied Ironſide; "unleſs your father-in-law Alfred ſhould have choſen to appear ſo." "Had it been him, he would have quartered that ſtrange device in his arms, a ſavage tearing up a pine." Their diſcourſe was here interrupted by the arrival of horſe litters for the removal of the wounded to the firſt town, where they might reſt more commodiouſly, and have the ableſt ſurgeons in the army to attend them. Audley joined the party, and accompanied his friend to the place prepared for the wounded. Here Ironſide, apprehenſive his wound might be mortal,

tal, thus addreſſed Audley: "Oh, my friend, my kinſman; if thou feeleſt affection for me, remember my dear Elvira, my ſiſter. The fates decree a period to thy ſorrows: The happy days approach, in which thy toils and ſufferings will end. Then think of me. To thy care I commit her; for though ſhe is mine, ſhe hath virtues equal to moſt of her ſex, and far above her birth. Then Audley"—"What would you then require of me?" cried Audley. "If thou haſt a child, yet, Oh, let her aſylum be thy regard."—

After theſe words, the friends both remained ſilent. Audley relieved the anxious moment in deep thought, and, claſping his friend's hand, aſſured him of his protection of the fair Elvira. "Whatever be my fate," adds he, "ſhe ſhall be as a daughter to me."—Ironſide returned his friendſhip with tears, and on his hand imprinted kiſſes. Alas! the laſt imprinted kiſſes of his life! Theſe faithful friends embraced, and bid adieu!

Audley haſtened back to the camp, where the king, after publiſhing a general pardon to the rebels, who came in, and ſwore allegiance, diſperſed his army, and removed his court to York.

The chiefs of the army ſoon repaired there, where the king very graciouſly knighted the moſt deſerving. The valour of the Bloody Knight, as he was called, attracted the king's notice much. To Lord Morton, a favourite, he gave the charge of inviting him to court; there to receive the royal bounty promiſed by his majeſty after the victory.

Lord Morton was deſirous of knowing the quality of this ſtranger, in order that he might counſel him what was the fitteſt requeſt to offer to the throne; as his majeſty had left him to his option in what manner he ſhould honour him.

Lord Albon was deputed by Lord Morton to ſeek him out. He found him with difficulty. The ſtranger told him he came from Normandy with his mother,

to

to ſeek after his father's eſtates, whom he ſuppoſed long ſince dead. His name, he ſaid, was Leo; that from his infancy he had conſtantly reſided with his grandfather, whoſe only infirmity was his advanced age, which prevented him from joining the royal ſtandard.

"My mother would attend me, determining, if I ſhould fall in battle, that ſhe would retire into a convent. Adverſe winds ſeparated the little fleet in which we ſailed with ſome few Engliſh troops. My mother, with her attendants, were drove back; whilſt the bark in which I ſailed fortunately made land. The hand of Heaven ſuſtained me in the battle; and, from the royal bounty, with Lord Morton's influence, I doubt not but I ſhall regain the poſſeſſions of my father. But, be that as it may, I think myſelf fortunate, that juſtice wielded my ſword, and young Lord Wentworth fell beneath my arm."

Lord Morton found himſelf greatly intereſted in the young champion's hiſtory; and, during the relation, his regard for virtue moved his reſolves. At length they prepare to attend the court. Lord Morton introduced the valiant Leo, having related to the king in his cloſet the hero's hiſtory. The eſſential ſervices he had rendered the ſtate, together with the interceſſions of Lord Morton, for whoſe great power and good offices he was not to depart the throne diſſatisfied, induced the king, of his royal munificence, to create Leo Lord Caſtlehaven.

Whilſt theſe tranſactions were paſſing, Audley had journeyed on. In his way he learned that his friend Ironſide had died of his wounds, but not without the ſatisfaction of ſeeing his daughter Elvira, in whoſe arms he expired; but whither the young lady had retired he did not then know. After a few days journey, he reached the well known ſpot where once ſtood the Benedictine monaſtery of Crowle. Alas! how changed! It was a heap of ruins! Being proved a nurſery of rebellion and plots againſt the ſtate, it was deſtroyed

deſtroyed by the royal mandate, and its poſſeſſions confiſcated. As he travelled on, he had the mortification to behold the old patrician oaks which once graced the manſion of his father, felled, and nought but the ſtumps remaining. The fatal hand of deſolation had altered every pleaſing view into ruin and deſtruction, and a confuſed heap marked the ſpot where once the dwelling ſtood, ſave one wing alone, which had ſuſtained the ſhock of time, and ſpared the gallery where once Audley was miraculouſly ſaved! With tears he viewed the waſte! Amongſt the ruins he attempts his way! The waters, which naturally overflowed for want of embanking, made his way almoſt inacceſſible. At length, with difficulty, he reached the tower. At his approach the doors, which had remained ſhut up for years, as if ſhook by tempeſts, ſpontaneouſly gave way! He gains the gallery! Shrouded and concealed by dirt and ruins, he walked round the gallery where once hung the armour of his anceſtors. Little remained of the ancient ſtrength and grandeur of the place. The raven was the only tenant, who, now and then, by croaking, ſeemed to ſing its requiem.

After taking, with his ſervants, a thorough view of the place, he retired to the village of Spalding to refreſh, and ſtudy a plan to recover his ancient poſſeſſions.

Whilſt he was meditating upon theſe things, the eccleſiaſtics of the place received notice that a Lord's wedding was in a few days to be celebrated in their village, and that the bride was from abroad. The day arrived. Audley ſoon recollected Lord Albon, who led the joyful band, and who immediately recognized his courageous friend, who had been ſo ſerviceable in ſuppreſſing the late rebellion. He reproached him with neglect in not approaching the throne, to crave the royal bounty for the reſtoration of his loſt poſſeſſions; to which he made anſwer, "I ſhall beg your Lordſhip's intereſt and interceſſion for that purpoſe."

They

They were then ſaluted by the ſtrange youth before ſpoken of as the Bloody Knight, who now, for the firſt time, was introduced formally to his notice.

The proceſſion was now in view. The bridal ſong was chaunting by the choriſters; and, as it entered the church, Audley careleſsly letting flow his upper garment, expoſed his amulet, which ſtruck the eyes of the bride through her veil. She ſtarted! ſtretched her arms to catch aſſiſtance! ſhrieked, and fell! and, as ſhe fell, from her fair hand there dropped a dagger, which ſhe had concealed to prevent the odious eſpouſal! Odious, as contrary to inclination!

The officiating prieſts and the congregation were filled with aſtoniſhment! Lord Albon trembled! All, but Audley, and the young ſtranger, were ſtruck with horror! They, as being actuated by one mind, at the ſame inſtant ruſhed forward; and, ſtretching forth their arms, ſuſtained her in her ſwoon! Kneeling, they raiſed her returning ſpirits, opened her quivering eyes! The young ſtranger, with Audley's voice uniting, mixed the varied exclamation of, "O! ſave my mother!"—"O! ſave my Jeſſalind! my wife!"

At theſe words her alarmed ſpirits brought back her agitated ſenſes. She looked on one, and then upon another. In a frenzical ſurpriſe ſhe exclaimed, "My Husband! and my Son! My Audley! and my Leo! Are we in the regions of death? Or are we ſtill on earth? Great God! thy will be done!"

Lord Albon could not interpret the myſtery; he thought himſelf impoſed upon by magic, ſorcery, or pious frauds; and calling for his ſword, ſwore deſtruction upon the impoſtor. "Demons, I defy you," cries the enraged Lord. "All, all the tricks of this magician! all his ſorceries!"—

The ſurpriſe and terror again threw the bride into great emotions. She fell upon the boſom of the young ſtranger, and wept! The youth ſtretched forth his hand, entreating Lord Albon to ſuſpend his anger

until theſe wonderful circumſtances were explained; aſſuring him, that the intended bride was his mother; and craving her to decypher the remaining myſteries.

The ſurpriſe of this incident deprived Audley of his ſpeech; who, in the general confuſion, ſtood becalmed in aſtoniſhment and joy. After they had mutually embraced each other with infinite tears of joy and pleaſure, Jeſſalind related to her Lord how ſhe was taken at her landing by robbers, who led her againſt her will, with ſome fanatical eccleſiaſtics, to the rebel camp, from whence ſhe was taken after the battle. This was corroborated by her ſon, who beheld the action, and told how they were ſeparated upon landing.

Lord Albon, in a fit of extacy, joined the hands of Audley and Jeſſalind. The youth kneeling, implanted kiſſes on the hands united. "Father," cries he, "bleſs me with your pardon; ignorant that you ſtill lived, I have abuſed the bounty of the throne; I have uſurped honours which only can belong to you, and at your feet I here reſign them! I will immediately preſent my petition to the crown for their removal."

"Enjoy them, my ſon! and may Heaven propitiouſly ſmooth thy way through life. Mine till this day has been one of trial and viciſſitude."

Jeſſalind relieved her ſon from his father's embrace; and on her neck received his tears of tranſport!

The general joy was now interrupted by the advances of a ſtrange lady in black, who wanted to ſpeak to Lord Audley. She related ſhe came from Lord Morton, who, having heard of his voluntary exile, and great ſufferings, had got granted him, by the King's expreſs order, all the eſcheated lands belonging to the late monaſtery. In her hand ſhe bore a letter expreſſive of the grant, which required his immediate attendance at court. This was accompanied with another, vouching her to be Elvira, the daughter of Audley's friend Ironſide, and that ſhe came to claim the protection of a guardian. Nothing could add

more to the general happineſs, particularly of the youthful Lord Leo, who confeſſedly owned Elvira's dominion over his happineſs. This being proved to be a long ſtanding inclination in both parties, and ſanctioned by the young man's mother, Lord Albon thus addreſſed them: "Above the ſelfiſh ſentiments of partiality for my own happineſs, ſincere joy fills all my ſoul for your reſtored felicity, and your rewarded merit. And you, Lord Leo, may I be permitted to join your hands together? My happineſs will then be rendered compleat. And you, my Lord Audley, I hope to accompany you to the court, where the grant is ready ſealed." All the parties acquieſced in the propoſal; and, before they departed, Leo and Elvira were joined in holy wedlock. For the reſt, ſuffice it to ſay, the families long lived happily together, obſerving the hoſpitality of the times.

ALBERT AND ALBINA.

A FRAGMENT.

NIGHT had diffuſed her darkneſs over the earth, and the moon darted her pale rays on the murmuring rivulet, which twined its narrow road through the fertile meads that ſurrounded the humble cottage of the unhappy Albert, who was penſively reclined on a bench at the door of his cot. The melodious harmony of the nightingale, which at intervals floated with dulcet ſweetneſs on the evening air, the univerſal ſilence which prevailed, and ſeemed "to waſt the ſoul to realms unknown!" together with his own melancholy thought, inſpired Albert with a degree of enthuſiaſm which he had never before experienced. When the ſweet notes of the night bird echoed along the dreary expanſe he caught the harmonious ſound, and when it died away, expectantly waited for a repetition. His thoughts roved to the remembrance of paſt felicity, when he was bleſſed with the company of his much lamented and adored wife. His fancy repreſented her ſeated by him as ſhe was wont, and at that deluſive moment he forgot his miſeries, and thought himſelf again bleſſed with his beloved companion: but when the viſionary image had diſappeared, and awful reality preſented herſelf to his view, he exclaimed, with a voice half ſtifled by the agitation of his ſoul, "And are thoſe truly happy days never to be repeated? Is ſhe loſt to me for ever? Oh, let me not indulge the heart-piercing thought." Then ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, "But what if ſhe were to be reſtored to me! if I were once more to poſſeſs

my lovely Albina! and ſhe to be bereft of that chaſtity, in the poſſeſſion of which ſhe was torn from me, tenfold unhappineſs would be my portion! I ſhould be miſerable to eternity! The thought rends my very ſoul! Oh, God! why am I thus afflicted?" His agitated frame would not permit him to proceed, until after a ſhort time, becoming more calm, he ſaid, "But what have I done? I have preſumptuouſly queſtioned the great decree of Heaven, and thereby have juſtly merited its divine diſpleaſure. Be calm, be calm, my ſoul! Tear not my heart-ſtrings thus with thy eager ſurmiſes. I *may*—Oh! the extatic thought adds freſh vigour to my nearly exhauſted ſtrength! it pours into my aching heart the ſweet balſam of comfort! I may once more poſſeſs my loved Albina: I may preſs her panting boſom to my own, chaſte and unpolluted. But, Oh! the thought ſeems almoſt impoſſible!—Yet, hold! There is an Almighty Being above, to whom nothing is impoſſible, although it appears ſo to my weak eye of mortality. To him I commit myſelf, and to his decree I patiently bow."

Thus ſaid Albert; after which he ſeemed to have gained an aſcendancy over deſpair, and ſunk into a profound thoughtfulneſs.

He had not continued thus long before the air became tremulous, and the dull aſpect of the Heavens ſeemed to portend an approaching ſtorm: thick clouds were rapidly collecting, and grew faſt upon the horizon. The nightingale, affrighted, fled for ſhelter within her leafy neſt; and the owlet, with diſmal note, commenced her nightly wailing.

Albert was ſtill buried in thought, when a diſtant and faint ſhriek aſſailed his ears. He ſtarted up; and, laying his hand on his ſword, ruſhed into an adjoining mead, in the direction from whence he imagined the ſound proceeded. He had not gone far before it was repeated in a more heart-rending manner, and ſeemed

to

to be uttered by a perſon on the verge of deſpair. It almoſt froze the ſoul of Albert.

Not until that moment did he notice the dreadful aſpect of the elements; and, however regardleſs of the awful ſcene which he foreſaw muſt infallibly enſue, he proceeded, with eager inquiry, in order, if poſſible, to give ſuccour to the perſon diſtreſſed. The voice ſeemed to be that of a female, and this diſcovery rouſed a ſenſation within him which again prompted him to proceed.

The thunder now began awfully to murmur from a diſtance, and the lightning ſtreaked with fire the prominent clouds, which rolled terrifically over the head of Albert. The ſky was ſo overſhadowed with black vapours, and impenetrable miſts, that they obſcured every object, except when at intervals the moon beams, darting between a cavity of the clouds, gave Albert a melancholy opportunity of beholding the dreary proſpect before him. He found himſelf to be entangled in an unknown path, and knew not how to proceed. He ſtopped to conſider what he ſhould do; and, after ſome conflict between his regard for his ſafety and his humanity, he determined to make the beſt way he could back to his mournful cottage, rather than ſtill farther bewilder himſelf in an unknown place.

He was turning round, in order to proſecute his intention, when a vivid flaſh of lightning, ſucceeded by a dreadful clap of thunder, burſt over the ſpot on which he was ſtanding, and ſeemed to rend the firmament. He ſtood appalled; never had dread ſeized him in ſo powerful a degree before; and he had ſcarcely recovered from the ſhock it had occaſioned, when another ſhriek, much louder than either of the former, aſſailed his ears. The ſound ſeemed to iſſue from a ſpot not far diſtant. He knew not which track to purſue; and was bewildered in a place, the labyrinths of which he was totally unacquainted with. His ſenſes were confounded, and he a ſecond time queſtioned himſelf whether

it would be more adviſeable to proceed or return. He felt a peculiar *ſomething* throb within his breaſt prompting him to the former. It was not merely a common ſenſation which he now experienced; a ſenſation which muſt naturally ariſe from the deſire of diſpenſing ſuccour to the unhappy; but a ſomething he knew not what, blended with that which rendered all return impracticable. He felt all his own happineſs were implicated with the preſent adventure; and ſcarcely had he determined to proceed, when he perceived a light burſt from a place at no great diſtance. He had not the leaſt doubt but that the dreadful ſhrieks he had heard muſt have proceeded from thence. He graſped his ſword, ejaculated a prayer to the Director of all events, and ruſhed with alacrity to the place whence the light iſſued. The rain now poured from the ſwoln clouds with tremendous fury, and the hoarſe thunder reſounded reiteratedly a-long the perturbed vault of Heaven. Albert, undaunted by the rage of the ſtorm, ruſhed on, totally occupied with the hope of giving his feeble aid to the piteous mourner.

It was not long ere his twinkling guide conducted him to the front of an antient tower, whoſe walls tottered under the decay of time. The light remained viſible at the broken caſement from whence he firſt obſerved it, and he traverſed around the moſs covered walls in order to find an entrance. It was not long before he perceived one, to his great joy, open. As he was about to enter, a loud peal of thunder ſhook the hoary pile to its foundation: and he, ejaculating another prayer to Heaven, entered with a firm ſtep the moſſy portal. He proceeded along a dark paſſage, which conveyed him into a ſpacious court-yard. The aſpect of the place, although greatly decayed, ſtill retained its native grandeur.

Whilſt Albert ſtood muſing on the extraordinary adventure which had drawn him thus far from his home,

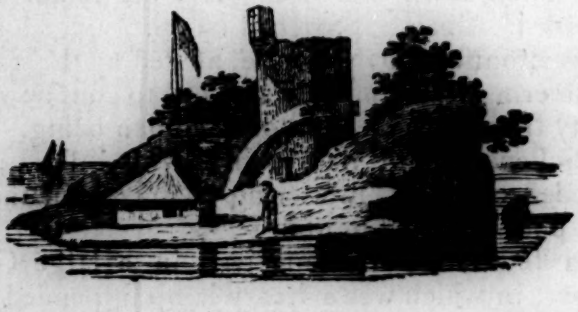
he perceived another light iſſue from a ſmall caſement, and almoſt inſtantly diſappear. A violent craſh now broke upon the reigning ſilence, and ſeemed to convulſe the earth. The ſound indicated it to be the falling of armour. The dread it occaſioned in the mind of Albert can better be conceived than deſcribed. However, his ruffled ſpirit ſoon overcame the ſhock, and, by the aſſiſtance of a ſudden flaſh of lightning, he perceived a ſmall door, ſituated at the extremity of the place in which he was. This was an entrance into the ſmall turret from whence the light had before appeared and vaniſhed. He advanced firmly towards it, and found it faſt, but, on applying his ſtrength, it flew open, and its harſh creaking hinges gave a doleful jar. He now found himſelf at the foot of a mouldering ſtair-caſe, and was aſcending it, when he diſtinctly heard footſteps from above, and almoſt inſtantly afterwards, two ſucceſſive ſhrieks reſounding through the tottering edifice. The ſound, thrilling as it was, added freſh vigour to the ſoul of Albert, ſince it confirmed the object of his ſolicitude to be in the turret in which he was; and quickening his pace up the crazy ſteps, he ſoon arrived at a landing place.

The firſt object that preſented itſelf, was an old ſuit of armour lying on the ground, which had evidently juſt fallen down, and occaſioned the ſound before mentioned. Albert approached it: but, judge his horror, his aſtoniſhment, when he, aſſiſted by the rays of a glimmering lamp, perceived it ſtill to confine within its ruſty frame the ſkeleton of a human being. The ſight ſickened him; he recoiled with diſguſt; and proceeded onwards, muttering a prayer for the ſoul of the poor departed mortal.

In a few moments he arrived in a large Gothic chamber, in which was a dreary lamp ſuſpended from the ceiling. But, upon his entrance into this gloomy chamber, a tremendous clap of thunder burſt over the

the edifice, and appalled him. A ſecret impulſe directed his attention to a ſmall door at the further end of the room. He diſtinctly heard footſteps from within, and a faint exclaim, "Oh, ſpare me! ſpare me!" which was ſucceeded by a deep convulſive groan. He ſprang towards the door, which being only a-jar, permitted him to enter. But, Oh! what a dreadful ſpectacle preſented itſelf to the aſtoniſhed Albert! He beheld a man brandiſhing exultingly a dagger, reeking with blood, over the body of a female, who had fallen a victim to his barbarity. His ſavage triumph was not long lived; for Albert ſoon gave him that reward he ſo juſtly deſerved; and thus, revenging the death of the murdered female, ſent his loaded ſoul to expiate his mortal crimes in the regions of eternal miſery.

He now approached the corpſe of the unfortunate fair. On beholding her diſtorted countenance, a ſudden ſhivering ſeized him; his ſtrength failed him; he tottered a few paces back, and fell ſenſeleſs on the floor.—It was Albina!——



ATHWOLD AND ELFRIDA.

DO not you ſee yon caſtle fair,
That ſtands upon the brow?
Where many a blaſt hath ſhook the trees,
Waving them to and fro.

My love lives in yon caſtle fair,
That ſtands upon the brow,
Where many a blaſt has ſhook the trees,
Waving them to and fro.

My love he is a valiant knight,
And beauteous to behold,
And many a lady ſighs for him,
With lands and heaps of gold.

My love he has an honied tongue,
And lacks not land or gold,
But he will have a lady fair,
And beauteous to behold.

My love he has an honied tougue,
And takes me on his knee;
And ſweetly ſpeaks, and ſweetly ſmiles,
And ſweetly kiſſes me.

The haughty Earl, his father bold,
Full ſix months has been dead,
And full ſix months before that time
He vow'd he would me wed.

The haughty Earl, his father bold,
Vow'd me he ſhould not wed,
But my love vow'd he ſurely would
When he approach'd my bed.

Then up betimes, my virgins all,
And 'ere 'tis break of day,
For my young Earl to-morrow comes
To fetch his bride away.

Then up betimes, my virgins all,
And braid my yellow hair,
And ere I hear his bugle horn,
Make me look freſh and fair.

And tie the bracelets round my arms
Which my young Earl hath ſent;
They're precious gifts, they're tokens true,
That I ſhall ne'er be ſhent.*

Then lie thee ſtill, my precious babe,
I feel thee ſpring for joy,
That ere to-morrow's ſun ſhall ſet
Thoul't be thy father's boy.

Then lie thee ſtill, my precious babe,
Thoul't be no baſtard born,
Stir not, nor ſtart, 'till thou ſhalt hear
The young Earl's bugle horn.

And when thou hear'ſt his bugle horn,
Then ſpring, my babe, for joy,
Thy mother then ſhall be a bride,
And thou thy father's boy.

I would

*, Diſgraced, blamed, reproached.—*Shakeſpeare.*

I would to-morrow night were come,
And I repos'd in bed,
And my silk curtains drawn around,
Though the old Earl be dead.

I would to-morrow night were come,
The young Earl in my arms,
That I might bless his love and truth,
And fear no future harms.

I would to-morrow night were come,
That I might certain be,
My precious babe a father had
To dandle on his knee.

How can you sleep, my virgins fair,
How can you sleep so sound?
The noisy owl from yonder wall
Makes the old porch resound.

Away, away, thou noisy owl,
And cease thy horrid din,
'Tis not the cheerful sound I want,
To welcome this day in.

Away, away, thou noisy owl,
Disturb not thus my rest,
Thy boding sounds, thy dismal song,
Alarm my anxious breast.

And sleep you still, my virgins fair?
And don't you hear the bell?
With hollow voice, and iron tongue,
The midnight hour to tell.

Sleep on, sleep on, my virgins fair,
For innocence can sleep
Despight of owls, or bells, or ghosts,
While guilt must wake and weep.

Ah! me, who stands at my bed foot?
Earl Athwold, love, is't you?
Nay, prithee stay 'till morrow night,
When I'm your bride so true.

The wind is bleak, the moon is dark,
The frost creeps o'er the grass,
How didst thou ope the iron gate,
And leap the deep moras?

How deadly pale thou look'st, my love!
I fear thou art not well.
Speak to me, life, I'll call my maids,
I'll ring the chamber bell.

Why dost thou sigh, why look so sad,
Ah! me, why these alarms?
How cold thou seem'st! come to me love,
Come warm thee in my arms.

Nay, pray thee, pray thee, speak, my love,
Nay, look not such a look!
For just so look'd my brother dear
When ta'en from the cold brook.

Then pray thee one soft kiss, my life,
I will not bid thee stay.
What means my love? where dost thou point?
Why beckon me away?

Oh!

Oh! go not thus—Stay, Athwold, ſtay!
Virgins, awake, awake!
See where he glides, hark that ſad ſigh,
Hark! the foundations ſhake.

Awake, awake, companions dear,
My ſiſter virgins all,
And ring aloud the chamber bell,
Our Lady loud doth call.

Alas! what ails our Lady dear?
And wherefore doth ſhe ſhake?
And why did ſhe, with voice ſo ſad,
So fearfully awake?

Did ye ſee nought, my virgins fair,
Did ye not hear a bell?
That with a deep and ſolemn ſound
Rung out a ſad death knell.

Nought have we ſeen, our Lady dear,
Nor have we heard a bell,
That with a deep and ſolemn ſound
Rung out a ſad death knell.

Now Chriſt preſerve your Athwold ſafe,
And ſafe make you his bride,
As ſure he has not been this night
Standing at your bed ſide.

Now Chriſt preſerve my Athwold ſafe,
And ſafe make me his bride,
For ſure I am I ſaw him now
Standing at my bed ſide.

The gates are clos'd, the drawbridge up,
And yeſtern Athwold went
To the bold Baron Orgar's houſe,
That lives by ſilver Trent.

To the bold Baron Orgar's houſe,
With whom to-day he'll come,
With bugle horn, and merry men,
To fetch his fair bride home.

Then haſte ye, bring my robes ſo white,
I can no longer ſleep,
Tho' I'm to be a bride to-day,
I cannot chuſe, but weep.

And haſte ye, bring my kerchief too,
With which my Athwold dear
Oft, after he hath kiſs'd my cheek,
Hath wip'd away the tear.

Why com'ſt thou not, my Athwold dear?
The twilight leaves the ſky.
Come, bleſs me with my honied tongue,
Or I ſhall ſurely die.

Swift let me hear thy horſes hoofs
Come battering o'er the ground,
And thy ſweet ſounding bugle horn,
That makes the hills reſound.

Ah! me, the winds begin to roar,
Why doth the tempeſt riſe?
Why doth the thunder's dreadful din
Diſturb the peaceful ſkies?

Red runs the rapid Derwent's ſtream,
Its angry ſpirits ſhriek;

The

The blood runs chill around my heart,
And pale, pale paints my cheek.

Red runs the rapid Derwent's ſtream,
How ſhall my lover paſs?
Though in the night he op'd the gates,
And leap'd the deep moraſs.

Red runs the rapid Derwent's ſtream,
Its angry ſpirits foam,
Oh! Chriſt forefend my Athwold ſafe,
To fetch his fair bride home.

Rejoice, my virgins, don't ye hear
The woods and hills reſound?
Do ye not hear the horſes hoofs
Come battering o'er the ground?

Now woe betide the lazy wight
That watches at the gate,
Why turns he not the iron key
That makes Earl Athwold wait?

Rejoice, rejoice, my darling babe,
Now thou'rt thy mother's joy,
For now thy father dear is come,
To make thee his own boy.

She ran to meet her Earl ſo dear,
She tore her ſilken band,
She ſtumbled at the threſhhold ſtep,
And bruis'd her lily hand.

She ran to meet her Earl ſo dear,
She trembled at the door,
And three large drops of her life's blood
Came trickling to the floor.

She ran to meet her Earl ſo dear,
And ſmiling was her look.
She met a pale corpſe at the door,
Ta'en from the cold, cold brook.

She ran to meet her Earl ſo dear,
She met him at the door,
A pale corpſe ta'en from Derwent ſtream,
And not a ſmiling wooer.

They bore the body on a bier,
They laid it by her ſide:
She look'd, ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe kiſs'd his cheek,
And look'd, and ſhriek'd, and dy'd.

In one low grave they both repoſe,
Yet oft a penſive ſhade
Is ſeen to glide among the tow'rs,
And with the twilight fade.

Oh! be their early fault forgot,
Their ſoft offence forgiv'n,
And let the erring world remit
What pardon meets in heav'n.

THE END.